

STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's
UNofficial
Magazine

year 3 issue 17

Provo, Utah

January 25, 1989



SR art by Amy Williams

Reflections After Three Years of Mixed Marriage

by Stuart Pace

I asked Guilaine Jeanne Diboula to marry me in the summer of 1985. I was 21, it was her 19th birthday, and we were both hopelessly lost in a beautiful, joyous love. Our friends in Paris thought it was romantic and even gave Guilaine a bilingual edition of *Romeo and Juliet*. The allusion was flattering.

But although the case of *Romeo and Juliet* may have been similar to that of a mixed marriage in my parent's time, I don't think it can be compared to the experience of a mixed couple in the United States (excluding the South) today. This is largely due to the abolition of legislated segregation in America, thanks to the spiritual leadership of the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, Jr.

The barriers which divided the races twenty years ago have been replaced by a fine web of subtle distinction. I began to comprehend this after I came back from Paris and announced my engagement to friends and family. My mother cried, and some of my friends shook their heads: "No, there's nothing wrong with it, it's just not a good idea." No one had a problem with it personally, but everybody was worried about how everyone else would react.

Californians were nonchalant: "Hey, it doesn't bother me! I'm from California! We have everything in California: gays, punks, lesbians, mixed marriages." I had no idea that I'd drifted so close to the brink of sexual and civic perversity.

But the reception of the news was not universally tepid. Everyone, without exception, was warm and supportive once they were satisfied that this was what I really wanted. Yet their great concern for me, my wife, and particularly our children, is evidence enough for me that most whites feel there is still discrimination against blacks, recent polls notwithstanding.

In the past twenty years it has become highly unfashionable for whites to be openly racist. I heard plenty of racial jokes and epithets as a kid, but all were carefully delivered out of earshot of blacks and whoever else might be offended. I heard some racist comments on my mission in Argentina, and even some my freshman year at BYU. But since I got engaged, and subsequently married, I haven't heard one—at least not against blacks.

Racists today perform only before a home crowd, and I have stepped into the no man's land.

Our experiences with tacit racism in Provo have been representative of this: the home teaching companion from Virginia I finally met the last week of the semester, even though we had both been to church every Sunday; the neighbor who confessed to my wife that she has black blood, but has never told her husband; the older lady we overheard at Sizzler's, saying she

please see **Reflections** on back page

Why Black Awareness?

by Joelle Aull

"Why do we need a Black Awareness Week?—We don't have a White Awareness Week!" Such statements, and the lack of awareness they reveal, are why a Black Awareness Week is needed.

I remember that my eighth grade class covered the history of black Americans in less than a week. In high school my history class spent about the same. In that two-week education, my classmates and I were intrigued most by a documentary produced by Bill Cosby on black contributions to America. At the age of 13 I knew little about Afro-American history, only that blacks were once slaves, and ever since had been badly oppressed.

But what Bill Cosby had to say surprised me. He pointed out the many contributions—unacknowledged contributions—that blacks have made to society. For a moment while

watching the film, I felt proud of my heritage, a heritage which even now I don't know enough about.

Without doubt, blacks and other non-whites have enriched American history. They need to be recognized as part of our communities and as part of the colorful story of America.

Although history books can give a close account of what the black culture and experience is, they cannot make one truly aware. Direct experience is needed. Countless times people have told me, "You don't sound black," or even "You don't look black!" What they probably mean is that I do not use black English, and that my skin color is more tan than black. To their surprise, I neither sound nor look like Aunt Jemima, yet I can call myself black.

And what about a White Awareness Week? I've been to the Italian festival and the Irish festival in Milwaukee. I've heard of Greek festi-

vals and German festivals in other places. I've attended the International Week on our own campus that involves both white and non-whites alike. The message of all these events is that we are different—even white people have a mixed culture.

We must realize that different doesn't mean less; despite differences in skin color, sex, or social status, we are all children of God. During the Martin Luther King Holiday I reflected on the King vision, a vision based on faith, prayer, and love for one another. This is true integration: accepting one another, even the differences.

Black Awareness, Asian Awareness and International Week all may be first steps in fulfilling Dr. King's dream. Only when we learn about one another—our cultures, our experiences, and our feelings—can we love one another.

Perhaps then we will experience true integration.

Black Mormons in a White Southern Ward

by Rebecca Malphrus

In a small coastal South Carolina county, Rose Lopez and her sister Ollie are the only black members of the LDS church.

There are the usual racial lines, like whites not visiting a dentist because he's black or blacks not going to a bar because it's run by whites; but this county also has the most segregated school system in South Carolina. The public school is 95% blacks. The private school is 100% whites.

Segregation in churches is also obvious. Either one attends a church for blacks or a church for whites; one rarely crosses those lines. There are black Baptist churches and white Baptist churches; black Presbyterian churches and white; black Methodist churches and white.

But the Mormon church breaks the mold.

No separate Mormon churches exist for blacks and whites. All Mormons have the same beliefs and attend the same church, regardless of color. Ideally, one isn't a black Mormon or a white Mormon—he's just a Mormon.

You can see a potential problem for blacks joining the Mormon Church—it appears in the South to be an all-white church.

But Sterling Ashley Ingram, who served in the North Carolina Char-

lotte mission, says the members in the city of Charlotte are "extremely receptive to the blacks." Of the 6000 members in his mission, says Ingram, only 1-2% are racist.

Ingram also says blacks there are more receptive than whites to the gospel. Charlotte consists of 76% whites and 24% blacks, and 3/4 of the converts there are black.

One might assume that black members might have a harder time in the South, but Ollie, who has been a member of wards in Los Angeles, Provo, and South Carolina, says that her treatment in the Church in the South is no different than the treatment she gets elsewhere: "Some don't want me there no matter where I go."

Another potential problem for blacks who join the Church is their allegiance to their heritage and their culture. When Rose Lopez joined the Church, her black friends branded her "a traitor to [her] own race." Being a minority, blacks have been taught to band together, which makes it all the more difficult for them leave their black church and join the Mormon church. "They're supposed to go to their parent's church," says Rob Lee, a returned missionary from South Carolina. "It's hard for them to branch out."

Because Rose and Ollie's father is

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Publisher's Note:

The Changing Faces of Student Review

Change is one thing that always stays the same at *Student Review*. From format to finance, people to policies, content to comic strips, *Student Review* is in constant flux.

And that's good.

Perhaps the most obvious change is the SR facelift. Last semester we decided the old Booth House (the SR mecca of 86-87) had haunted us long enough. Under the direction of Art Director Jeff Lee, we looked for another symbol. We considered fish, hieroglyphics, and laughing zebras; we ended up with a check mark.

Our new nameplate sports a

typeface created by British graphic designer Neville Brody. His typeface is so new it has yet to be christened. Besides the nameplate, we've changed body type, art sizes, column widths, and more.

But *Student Review* has changed in ways beyond mere cosmetics, ways that perhaps aren't so noticeable. Every semester we lose staff to MGM: missions, graduation, and marriage. Fortunately, other students come to the rescue. At our recruitment meeting last week, we were happy to welcome 75 initiates, people eager to donate new blood, energy, and ideas to *Student Review*.

Indeed, we'll continue to lose our Bill Kellys, Kip Larsens, and Roger Leishmans; but the Merrill Oates, Carolyn Jews, and Sterling Augustines will rise to fill the ranks. And yes, contrary to what others might say, I too will graduate and leave... someday.

Our content changes—sometimes drastically—from week to week. Last semester a two-part article on evolution was followed by a tribute to President Kimball. This semester we will go from the troubling tones of the rape series to the upbeat lyrics of the life and living issue (February 8). Of course, we do

have our limits, but they're written in sand, not in stone.

The ever-popular Brushes with Fame degenerated into Blushes with Shame, and was then replaced by Eavesdropper. Now that the Eavesdropper has left us for law school, we're wondering if another verbal voyeur will start lurking (probably when you least expect it), or whether something else will spontaneously generate from a fertile mind (and it just may be yours).

Through it all, the Top 20 has remained with us; however, someone recently suggested that we change the Bottom 10 to the Bottom

11 just so we could include Yoko Ono each week. Everyone agreed it was a definite possibility.

Because we're open to new formats, new people, and new ideas, no one really knows (not even the publisher) what might happen next. This openness to change not only gives *Student Review* vitality and charm, but it also increases our strength and flexibility—the golden virtues of P.E. 129.

Brian J. Fogg
Publisher

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year 3 • issue 17

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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A year's subscription to Student Review costs \$10.

We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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Staff Notes:

Aloha and Aloha to our new and former publishers. Kermit is now into women rather than the *Review*, and Brian won't have any time for women any more, sorry girls.

Mary Kay is the new Ad Sales Manager. Contrary to popular belief, she has never sold cosmetics.

Diane is our official organizer, party planner, and woman of competence. She knows what's happening!!

Eric is no longer the Editorial dude, but instead is the Associate Publisher dude. Standards made him shave his beard, but we still think he looks like Brigham Young. The party on Saturday at his house was a blast.

Eric Schulzke is now the Opinion Page Master and his favorite magazine is *National Review*, not *Mother Jones*.

Alyson Rich comes to production with more experience on Page-Maker than any brand new person we have ever had. She was the first person to lay out a section by herself in her first week on the staff.

Dilene is our spectacular Circulation Woman, which makes her the one responsible for getting this very paper out and available to you. She is a graduate student and even has her own office and extension number.

Happy Belated Birthday to MeLinda's daughter #15.

Our Calendar girls announce that Grandma Moore had a very happy 80th birthday.

The newly-formed Writer's Group meets at Merrill's house, Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m. Call him at 373-8126.

Thanks to everyone who attended the General Recruitment Meeting on Wednesday. The *Review* was pleased with all the new faces and wants EVERYONE to get involved.

If you missed the meeting and would like to join those of us who face self-induced insomnia each night and bag our college studies for the *Review*, call the office @ 377-2980 or Di at 375-DARE.

CAMPUS LIFE

To Love the Clubby but Hate the Club

by Eric Wilson

Though I am trying to improve, I am by nature somewhat of a hermit. I enjoy the company of good friends but disdain, in general, social association with large groups. It is no surprise, then, that I was for a long time quite oblivious to the existence of social clubs at BYU. In fact, it has only been during the past couple of semesters (this is my tenth semester at BYU) that I have become personally acquainted with many clubbies.

Incredulous as it might seem, I must make a confession: I love clubbies...or at least the ones I know. Some of the most Christian, loving people I know are clubbies. While it is true that many of my clubby friends have outgrown formal clubby associations (most are somewhat embarrassed by their clubby ties), others are proud to be clubbies and vigorously defend the benefits of club membership.

It has been pleasant to learn that clubbies are people too. My limited experience has taught me that the stereotypes of clubbies are often very unfair. They have the same human needs and emotions as the rest of us. Of course most stereotypes have a basis in truth. Some clubbies fit most every stereotype—super-trendy, wealthy, materialistic, shallow, and in every way snobby and condescending, though I know few of this type since they would not dare associate with me or my crowd.

But even as my love for clubbies as individuals grows, my aversion to and disrespect of the club ideology and mentality only intensifies. Social clubs have had a rocky history at BYU. They have been banned and re-admitted numerous times. The clubs have evolved from being full-fledged fraternities and sororities to "social units" to "social clubs" to the current "involvement clubs." All this name-changing, however, has had little impact on the basic nature of the clubs. The university faces the same problems with the clubs, whether on or off campus, that it has always faced.

The principle rift between the clubs and university officials has always concerned behavior. Indeed, rowdy behavior has been historically the chief identifying characteristic of the clubs. One historical reference tells of club members being required to make "plaster of paris molds of coed's breasts," or of hanging condoms on the doors of rival club members. Pledges of Chi Triellas (a sorority) have had to "walk the length of Center Street with sanitary napkins taped over their eyes." Club activities have also often included widespread vandalism and con-



SR art by Cassie Christensen

sumption of tobacco and alcohol. In short, some of the clubs have been very naughty, and the university, with its obsession to control student behavior, has not been pleased.

But those who center arguments against the clubs on the rowdiness issue are really missing the point. This type of immature behavior is not, I believe, a direct product of the club ideology. And nothing the university can do is going to stop the occasional outbursts of silly, childish behavior. Indeed, that opposition serves only to increase rebellion. The clubs should not be opposed because they promote distasteful behavior. Rather, they should be opposed because they are, by their very nature, evil and contrary to the ideals we hold as Mormons.

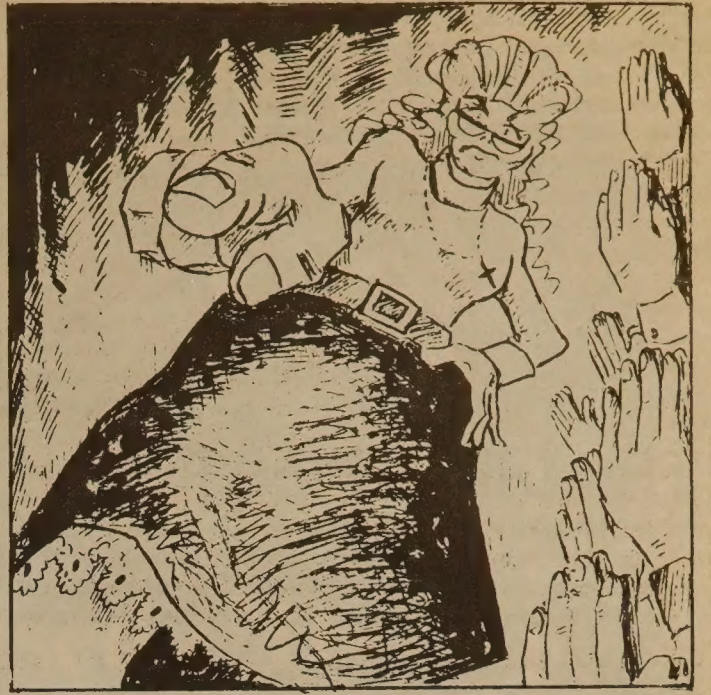
From its inception, the LDS Church has been a social institution. We know that we cannot be saved alone. Little is more important in this life than the relationships we make with our fellow human beings. But the type of friendship promoted by off-campus, exclusive clubs (clubs which are allowed on campus must be non-exclusive, and I am addressing primarily the off-campus

organizations) is Satan's counterfeit of true friendship.

Listen to the president of Kappa Phi Omega, Milena Stapely. Ms. Stapely told the *Daily Universe* last semester, "We really would like to stay [on campus]. But how can you have the friendship and bonding that is necessary when you have open enrollment? It defeats the purpose of the sorority." In Ms. Stapely's opinion, friendship and bonding are only possible by carefully excluding people who do not meet certain requirements. Such a friendship is a weak one at best, and to claim that this friendship is in harmony with the types of social relationships Christ taught us to have—to love the unlovable and forsake ourselves in the service of others—borders on heresy.

Of course, the tendency to form fraternities, sororities and other secret societies has a long-standing tradition in America. One of the first and most evil of fraternities was the ancient Gadianon Robbers. Although today's secret combinations are harmless in comparison to the ancient ones, they function primar-

please see Clubs on page 4



SR art by Jeff Lee

"A Kinder, Gentler America"

by Michael Mower

While campaigning for the presidency, President George Bush promised a "kinder, gentler nation." One proposal that he supported was to put God back in the classroom via school prayer. The Supreme Court forced Him out in 1964, citing a conflict of church and state. However, with Bush's new appointments to the High Court, He has been allowed back in.

Let's look into the future to see how school prayer is doing in Mrs. Nebeker's third grade class at George Wallace Elementary School:

"...and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

"Very good boys and girls, wasn't it nice to begin the day with the pledge? If Governor Dukakis had been elected, I'd probably be in jail now for teaching you kids those words; in jail without any hope of a weekend furlough. And now it's time for our daily prayer."

"Robert, will you lead us today? While Robert is coming up here, we'd like Jeremiah the Jew, Megan the Mormon, and Adam the Agnostic to go out into the hall. When these three can learn to pray like the rest of us good Christians, we'll let them back in the classroom for prayer time."

"Now Jeremiah, you go out there and put on your skull cap and start chanting to the wall. Megan, you little Mormon you, you may start praying to your Joseph Smith. Who knows but you might have a visit with an angel who'll give you a gold math book. And Adam, well Adam, you're the worst. You don't even know who to pray to. I'd like you to write a five page report on either "Charles Darwin has hell to pay come judgement day" or "Evolution has made a monkey out of me."

"Robert, you may begin."

"Father of us all..."

"Yes Sarah?"

"How do we know our Creator isn't a woman, Mrs. Nebeker?"

"Now Sarah, who filled your head with that kind of feminist nonsense? You may take yourself and your little Communist inspired secular humanist ideas and march them up to the principal's office. Continue Robert."

"... We thank you."

"Mary Elizabeth, what in the world are you doing with that candle on your desk? This isn't a convent, it's a third grade classroom. Now blow out that candle right now. If you Catholics can't learn to pray like us, you can just take your Hail Marys and your rosary beads to a parochial school. Continue Robert."

"... For this pretty day."

"David Timothy Lloyd, what in heaven's name are you doing with your eyes open? You'll not only burn in hell, but you'll stay in recesses as well if you don't close your eyes right now. Continue Robert."

"For our teacher, Mrs Nebeker, for our playground, for vacations..."

"Oh my word, may Allah and the principal take pity on me, I forgot to send Muhammed the Muslim out into the hall so that he could pray to Mecca. Son of Ishmael, scoot out the door and you can put your prayer rug down by the chanting Jeremiah. I know the Muslims and the Jews don't get along too well, so maybe you two can change that by acting like good Christians. Continue Robert."

"We ask you for help on tests, and that Brett will stop picking on us during lunch. Amen."

"Thank you Robert. That was a lovely prayer. Isn't it wonderful that we have prayer back in the classroom where it belongs." ✓

Clubs from page 3

ily for the same purpose—"to get gain." Membership in country clubs or private men's clubs means much more than good tee-times or enjoying a cigar with the boys. It means power: business opportunities, political appointments, deals, and influence. The Supreme Court has recognized this fact in recent decisions and has opened the doors of many of the nation's private men's clubs to women. At BYU the gain to be got comes in the form of status and prestige (at least in their own eyes). In fact, this supposed prestige is so important to some clubs that they have opted to leave campus and its abundant resources in order to maintain their exclusive memberships.

Perhaps exclusivity and prestige are so important to the sororities and fraternities that they have nothing else to bond them together. Many clubs on campus are centered around some special interest such as sports, language, academics, or politics. But the social clubs have nothing to unite them other than the fact that they belong to the club. As a result they attempt to set themselves off by their actions, their dress, their hairstyles, their condos, or by secret identifying signs and handshakes (all of which remind me of several scriptures in the Book of Mormon). The clubs exercise what I would call micro-nationalism or, in my more extreme moments, fascism. As is the case with

any nationalistic movement, there is no real difference between members of the groups and outsiders, so the group must develop external characteristics that set themselves off from the larger society. People who have a real reason to unite do not need these outward signs.

But does this condemnation mean that we cannot love the clubby? Of course not. By excluding the clubby from our fellowship we are guilty of the same sin practiced by the clubs. The best policy is that practiced by the Savior, to love the sinner, but hate the sin. We must understand that we all have a need to belong to a group and develop friendships.

Unfortunately, the sororities and fraternities have deceived many of the elect and drawn them into self-serving associations which counter the ideals of the gospel. Let's show them that there is a better way, especially here at BYU where there are countless opportunities to become involved with non-exclusive groups where one can develop skills and talents, meet new people, and have fun at the same time.

Yes, I love clubbies. I invite them to reject Satan's code of friendship and join the rest of us in trying to build relationships centered in Christian service, selflessness, humility and love.

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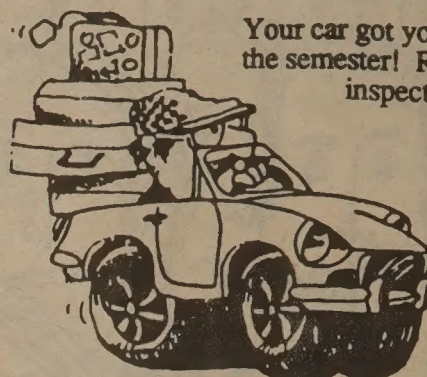
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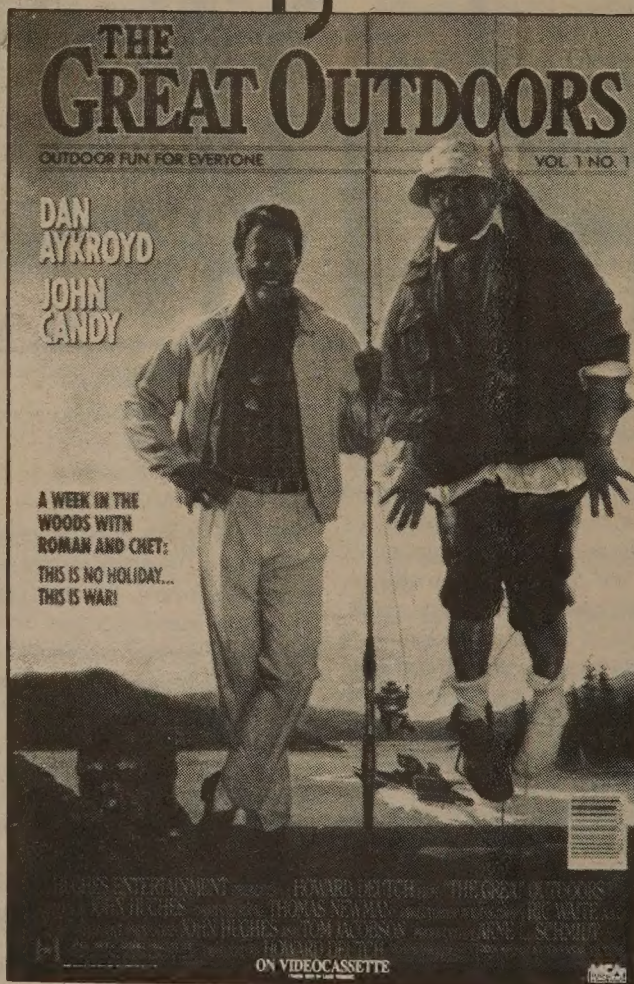
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An American in Helston Cornwall

by Scott Elgin Calhoun

In and out, banging my head on these Elizabethan door frames. Too lengthy for this lizard's tail peninsula. In the Southwest I can stretch out from Prescott to Casa Grande under a faded indigo ceiling-

Immeasurably high.

Land meets sky like sun meets sand, partners in cotton mouth aridity.

Here, in this other Southwest, the ceiling is low dark grey oatmeal.

The deepest green hills meet the grey almost pensively.

The rain softens all the lines, and the hills become green carpet rolled over a woman's breast.

The sheep huddle stoically, extending their heads out of white dread-locks to stare gloomily into the grey ceiling.

But back to my height problem. The bed built for some withered 4'5" Englishwoman, my 6'3" frame forced to mock the womb each night. I shave in the slant ceiling closet, crouched, making a bulldog face.

In the bathtub, my feet hang over the loo, as I squirm and squeak to get wet in cold porcelain. At night Mrs. Harradine and I watch BBC; London seems as far from Helston as New York is from Prescott. She is scared of London. Early mornings wet hair glazed back I walk to the patisserie, and past the oil-skin coat sheepmen.

Tobacco and hot bread.

No billboards assault me. No business person visibly concerned about anyone buying

anything—morning is just happening. The women are buying apples and Jaffa oranges. I walk past the sheep market on the way to St. Austell: thick accents, whiskers, and tweed.

Mid-day I take a footpath to the coast. Beach pebbles, chalky lime-green swirling tide.

Back in the first Southwest, still in awe of nature's arid architecture, but some obtrusive sign is staring me down telling me what to drink, think, eat. I don't want to buy your chicken, or sleep in your motel.

Then I long to be short, back under that lower ceiling, back with mother England. I reach in my pocket for a handful of some rich English soil, but it has turned to dust.

Scott likes his middle name and has blond hair. In other words, we need a real blurb. ✓

Eavesdropper...

Thursday, 10:42 AM, JKHB Writing Lab

Clear-sighted, intellectual, but sensitive guy: "Now Carol, my advice to you is don't jump on the bandwagon. The Review is run by radical liberals."

Carol: "But, I'd still like..."

Clear-sighted, intellectual, but sensitive guy: "They're just a bunch of intellectuals who think it's fashionable to be radical."

Carol: "Well..."

Clear-sighted, intellectual, but sensitive guy: "Sheep are still sheep, whether they're in the barn or following each other to a new barn." ✓

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Peace Corps Representative Rick Van De Graaff will be visiting BYU Campus on February 2nd and 3rd to answer questions and supply information about Peace Corps service opportunities.

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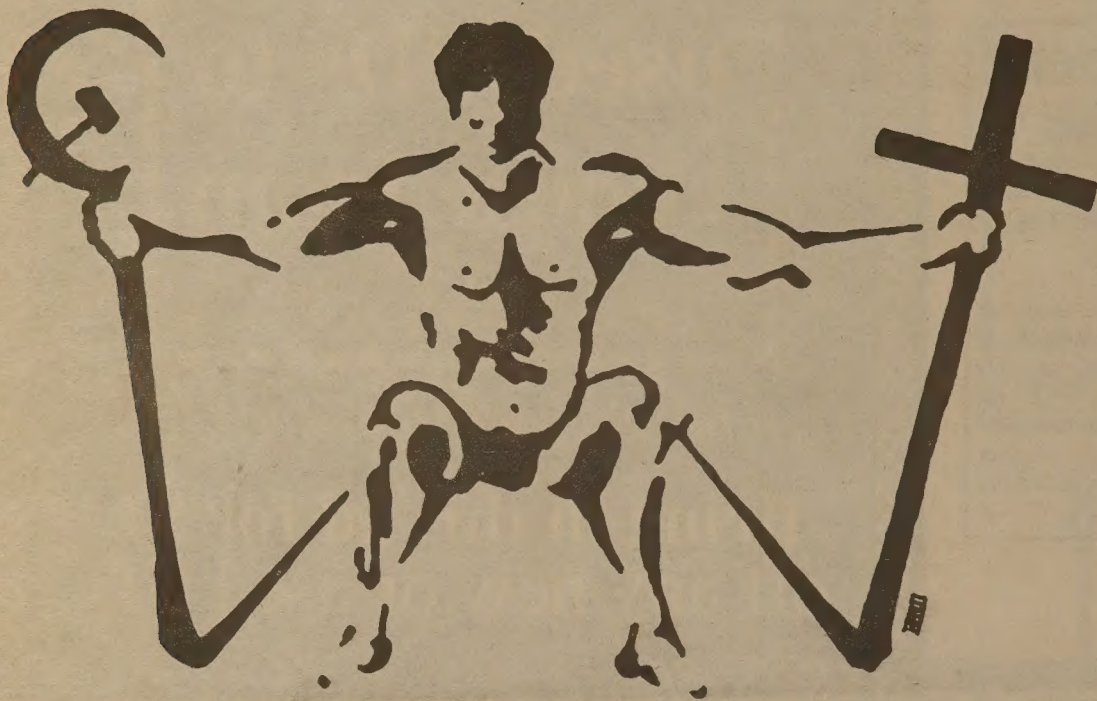
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OPINION

Paradoxes of church membership

Nazi Past and Communist Present



SR art by Kent Chou

by William Norman Grigg

Like Martin Luther and Thomas More, Helmuth Hübener was propelled by relentless integrity into a collision course with both church and state. Perhaps more than any other historical figure, Hübener—a young German Latter-Day Saint who was excommunicated and then executed for opposing the Nazi regime—embodies the paradox of discipleship for many Latter-day Saints in the late twentieth century.

Hübener's example is significant as the LDS church begins an experiment in mixing two mutually exclusive gospels—the one restored through Joseph Smith and the other revealed through Lenin. The exact apportionment of loyalty between Christ and Caesar has always been a thorny question, but 20th century totalitarianism carries the problem to new heights. How is the disciple to "Give unto Lenin what is Lenin's" when Lenin (as he often does) requires not only the disciple's taxes, but his very soul?

It's no accident (as Marx would say) that totalitarianism erupted about the time that the restored gospel was revealed. The topical similarities between the two resulting kingdoms has been the fulcrum for many a facile parallel—from de-

scribing Utah with the phrase "Zion Curtain" to the facetious suggestion (recently aired in *Student Review*) that, since the Church hierarchy resembles the Politburo, perhaps Mikhail Gorbachev will be the first President of the East German Mission.

Totalitarian communism is, in a very specific sense, a bastardized version of the United Order—Lenin made the plan an orphan by removing our Father from it. But the counterfeit retains a powerful resonance that is seductive to many intellectuals.

Totalitarian dictators have a history of deceiving the those who ought to know better. President J. Reuben Clark at one point said that Hitler "was to the Germans as a voice crying out in the wilderness and offering to lead them out of the political and economic bondage [of] the treaty of Versailles." Clark's pronouncements during the early stages of World War II were often more critical of Britain and France than of Nazi Germany—so much so that the FBI suspected him of being an agent of the Axis and had him under surveillance.

Recently BYU Professor Lamond Tullis declared that in Latin America the Church may be "on the wrong side of history." The "right side of

history" is claimed by those who believe in a foreordained trend socialism. Tullis probably had something entirely different in mind when he chose the phrase, but many enemies of democracy use the language of historical determinism to justify their offenses. (It was Lenin who coined the phrase, "You have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet.")

Helmuth Hübener also found himself on the "wrong side of his-

please see Hübener on page 7

What I'm Doing In Here

"Why *Student Review*? . . . I would be embarrassed to attend a university that lacked such a forum."

by Eric Schulzke

Once as Thoreau sat in a local jail pondering his theories of civil disobedience, he was visited by Ralph Waldo Emerson who asked, "What are you doing in there?" To which Thoreau replied, "What are you doing out there?"

While I certainly don't advocate civil disobedience, I do think I can sympathize with Thoreau. Some friends have asked me how someone as politically conservative and as religiously orthodox as myself can work with a student newspaper that doesn't have a beehive on its logo. Such questions reveal a degree of ignorance concerning the purpose of this paper.

Why *Student Review*? Because it fills a role that is essential to the mission of any truly great university. The *Review* is a forum for developing creative talents, discussing ideas, and debating issues. After all, formulating ideas, exposing them to the world, and experiencing the resulting discussion is the essence of learning, and I would be embarrassed to attend a university that lacked such a forum. A laboratory newswriting paper just doesn't cut it.

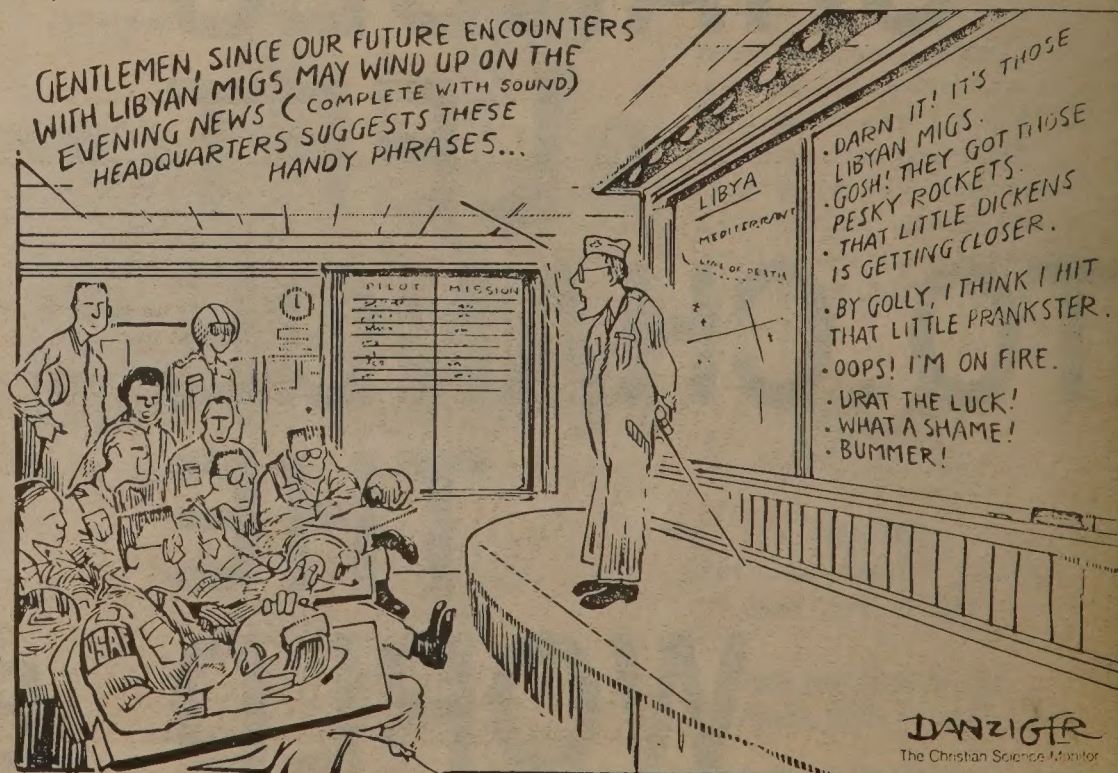
This year *Student Review* has addressed such issues as television violence, the failure of the Sexual Revolution, athletic competition (pro and con), the legalization of drugs, and helping the homeless—to name a very, very few. We have also published numerous creative works and personal essays. In fact, Elder Neal A. Maxwell cites an article by Brian Fogg, our illustrious publisher, in his latest book. Contributors to the *Review* have included not only countless students, but also professors such as Don Norton and Eugene England of the English Department, Joseph McConkie and Spencer Condie of Ancient Scripture, Alan Keele of German, and Valerie Hudson and Greg Peacock of Political Science.

And the readers respond. An article on the dangers of child care last semester elicited an indignant reply from one working mother and a appreciative confirmation from another. We published both of these (see last week's *Review*). Another article condemning blood sports drew reaction from hunters. When readers respond, we know we're doing our job. Convinced or not, readers are forced to evaluate their opinions and—perhaps for the first time—truly come to grips with their own thinking.

Of course we aren't always successful. Last I checked, most of those involved with the paper were human, and some were more human than others. We make mistakes. Some of what we print may be trite, some may be tasteless, and some may even contain proofreading errors, but these are errors of judgement—not of principle.

Student Review, after all, is itself a principle—students ought to be able to share their ideas and talents with their peers. The *Review* has no political positions and no vendetta against any of the institutions associated with BYU. President Holland would be flattered, I'm sure, if he knew the level of esteem that the *Student Review* hierarchy accords him. If the day ever came that this paper catered to tasteless, irreverent or senselessly iconoclastic thinking, my name would have long since disappeared from its pages.

Meanwhile, *Student Review* continues to fill an indispensable role in BYU's campus community—helping us to think, to experiment, to discuss, to examine, to learn, and to grow. In other words, helping us find what every university purports to offer. So that's what I'm doing in here. What are you doing out there?



OPINION

Hübener from page 6

tory," a history that in the 1930's was supposedly to lead inexorably toward a thousand-year Nazi Reich. As a seventeen-year-old in Nazi Germany, Hübener was mortified to arrive at his branch meeting house and behold a sign declaring "Juden ist der entritt verboten!" ("Jews not allowed to enter.") Appalled that Jews were no longer welcome in his branch of Israel, Hübener organized a small group of young men to listen to BBC shortwave broadcasts and pass out anti-Nazi flyers that were typed on a machine owned by the branch.

Eventually Hübener and his compatriots were seized by the Gestapo. The Sunday following Hübener's arrest, local church leaders excommunicated Hübener for rebellion against the government. That same day Hübener's mother overheard a "brother" in their branch exclaim, "I'm glad they caught him; if I'd known what he was doing, I would have shot him myself."

Soon after, Hübener was condemned to death and beheaded. That was undoubtedly the easy part; his sorest trial must have come as he languished in prison, wondering what prospects awaited him on the other side as an excommunicated Saint.

As the Church stands poised to expand into Lenin's domain, Helmuth Hübener is "The Man for This Season." The fault lines between discipleship and citizenship may, at some point, become precarious for those behind the Iron Curtain—just as they did for those in Nazi Germany. Consider the implications in the words of Kurt Loeffler, State Secretary for Religious Affairs in East Germany. Loeffler has said that because the LDS are "Good, law-abiding, loyal citizens who believe in strong families and a strong work ethic, and desire world peace," his government will allow missionaries into the country and allow East Ger-

man missionaries to serve missions elsewhere.

This is an enormous blessing indeed. But we also remember the skeptic's maxim: For every blessing there is a penalty. Clearly the Church is seen as an institution that will promote loyalty to the government and help ensure social stability in East Germany as it did under Hitler's Reich. Will the Church do so? Or will it instead act as a subtly subversive force—which, in the best possible sense, it certainly ought to do?

Hübener's discipleship may have cost him his citizenship and, for a time, his church membership (after the war his membership was posthumously reinstated), but viewed from this point of history, Hübener's integrity far exceeds that of his fellow saints who were so willing to condemn him.

Certainly there were extenuating circumstances which may explain the actions taken by his branch leadership—certainly their decision to excommunicate him was not easy. But these are exactly the dilemmas which we need to recognize now—before we face them again.

Hübener was a Saint who kept the faith when the faith failed to keep him. Pondering the paradoxes of Hübener's lonely resistance against totalitarian tyranny may help us understand the perils of discipleship within Lenin's realm—perils that are well worth considering as the cohabitation of Mormonism and Communism becomes the order of the day.

William currently attends the University of Utah and writes for two other papers besides Student Review. Thus it is with grave misgivings that we continue to publish him.



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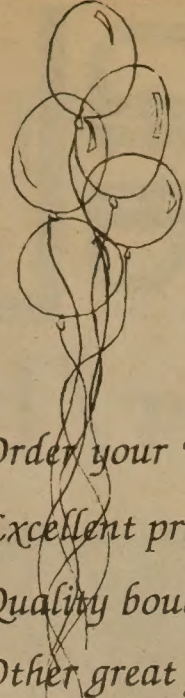
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Robert Nakes, piano
Marianne Pyper, flute
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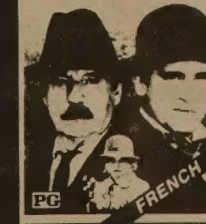
—Shirley Thomas, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"SUPERB!"

—David Nevill, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"A MASTERPIECE!"

—Michael Medved, ROUNDTREE PRESENTS, PBS-TV



PG FRENCH

"SUPERLATIVE STORYTELLING!"

—Michael Medved, ROUNDTREE PRESENTS, PBS-TV

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—Mike Clark, LOS ANGELES TIMES


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—David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

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—Bruce Williamson, PLAYBOY



PG FRENCH

"MAGNIFICENT!"

—Jack Kroll, NEWSWEEK

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Thurs., Feb. 2: Calvary Baptist Gospel Choir
Introduction by Alan Cherry
Poetry Reading by Phyllis White
7 pm Memorial Lounge

Friday, Feb. 3: Time to Jam Dance
9 pm ELWC Ballroom

ARTS & LEISURE

Him/Her/It? Nonsexist Dilemmas

by Jeff McClellan

In this world of fast food, fast cars, and fast women, it seems that we can no longer call a garbageman a garbageman, a fireman a fireman, a hitman a hitman, or even a waterboy a waterboy. Instead we must use such titles as "garbageperson" and "waterperson."

Problems such as these are surfacing everywhere. For instance, waitresses are now refusing to be called waitresses. Instead they want to be called servers. But "server" is a sexist word, isn't it? I've always thought that "server" referred to males.

When a woman was recently chosen to be the chief executive of a big advertising firm, she was given a list of suggested titles, which actually included "chairleader," "chairchick," and "chair-atola." She chose to be called "chairman."

This epidemic of nonsexist language is invading almost every aspect of our world. In my freshman (or is that freshperson?) English class, I was told that I must use "him/her" or "him or her" in place of simply "him," even when the pronoun is most likely referring to a male subject, or "her" when it is most likely referring to a female



SR art by Jeff Lee

subject.

But not only does it take more time to write "him or her," it also ruins the flow of the sentence. For instance, take the sentence, "Man is that he might have joy," and make it nonsexist. "Man or

woman is that he or she might have joy."

Let's leave the world of male dominance with its garbagemen and chairmen, as we go to the nonsexist land of make-believe. Just imagine, when you attend a friend's surprise party

you don't sing "He's a jolly good fellow" but "He or she is a jolly good individual." When the lookout on the *Pequod* sights Moby Dick raging in the ocean, he doesn't cry "Thar' she blows!", rather Ahab hears "Thar' he or she blows!" In

church, you no longer sing "The World Has Need of Willing Men" but rather "The World Has Need of Willing Folk." When you're being romantic on a cool summer night, you don't gaze at the man in the moon, but the being in the moon. In your class on evolution, you aren't studying *The Origin of Man*. Instead, the book you read is *The Origin of People*. Minneapolis and St. Paul are no longer called "sister cities" but are referred to as "sibling cities." And finally, when your little brother rides his skateboard down the street, he doesn't dodge manhole covers, but steers away from man or womanhole covers.

This disease is affecting our standard language, but it is also destroying our beloved slang. One may no longer exclaim "Oh, brother!" or "Oh boy!" or even refer to friends as "guys" or "dudes."

One day in my freshman/woman English class, after giving us a lecture on nonsexist language, the teacher exclaimed "Man!"

She (she is definitely a woman) was interrupted by a voice from the back of the room protesting "Or woman! Let's not have sexist language in this class!"

A&L SUGGESTIONS

ROGER ROSENBLATT: Roger Rosenblatt. Who is Roger Rosenblatt? Well, Roger Rosenblatt got a Ph.D. from Harvard, and taught there for a few years. He eventually left, and ended up writing marvelous essays for *Time*. Can you imagine writing essays for *Time*? His essays were among the most beautiful ever to appear on the last page of a magazine.

I will never forget his account of Christmas as a young boy living on the ninth floor of a building on the edge of Gramercy Park in Manhattan, looking down from his bedroom window as the people living around the park got ready to sing carols around the Christmas tree they put up each season. Or the Captain Midlife pieces. Sometimes I feel like Captain Midlife. Dealing with holidays that mark the passing years.

When I heard Rosenblatt was to become editor of *U.S. News & World Report*, I was horrified. One of my favorite essayists would be running the driest and most statistical of the Big Three newsmagazines. I feared I would never see another Rosenblatt essay. Captain Midlife might have succumbed at last.

But he did it! Rosenblatt changed the format of *USN & WR*, at least to the extent of including a weekly essay by the editor. Perhaps not as long as his *Time* pieces, and I still fear Captain M might be gone forever, but weekly now. Instead of perhaps monthly. And recently, I discovered Rosenblatt appears at least occasionally on the *McNeill-Lehrer Report* on PBS.

So take heart, or pay attention: there is someone named Roger Rosenblatt, and if matters, if you have a weakness for beautiful essays.

JASPER JOHNS: The man famous for painted flags may have transcended his fascination with surfaces. At last summer's Venice Biennial Show, at which he won the grand prize, Johns showed his work done since 1984. Included in the show were his marvelous Seasons paintings. I saw a reproduction of *Summer* on my way back from a visit to Seattle last fall. I was captivated. I finally found reproductions of all four. With Johns setting successive sales price records for a living artist: first 7, then 17 million, owning a piece of his seems unlikely. So far I haven't even been able to find prints, so I'm stuck with some color xeroxes.

Look for them, see what you think. They have appeared in magazines over the last year or so: *Vogue*, *The World & I*, and *Art in America*. Particularly with the Seasons paintings, Johns has gone beyond his focus on surface detail to include the shadows of a human figure (reputedly his own), and a content dealing with aging. Kind of like Captain Midlife, I suppose.

Answering Machine Message of the Week

Hello, this is Lee. I'm probably sleeping, I'm probably going out the door, I'm probably driving up to a ski resort, I'm probably taking a shower, I'm probably reading a book, I'm probably watching television, I'm probably riding my bike, I'm probably doing just about anything in the world not to answer the phone, okay? Thanks.

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP AT ARTS & LEISURE (A&L TO THE COGNOSCENTI): LEE MORTENSEN IS OUR NEW FICTION EDITOR. SO SEND HER SHORT-SHORT FICTION, POETRY AND ESSAYS & WE WILL RUN A SPECIAL LITERARY SECTION. REMEMBER: THE DROP BOX 1102 JKHB OR PO BOX 7092 PROVO, UTAH 84602. THANKS.

REVIEW'S REVIEWS

The Accidental Tourist ★★★

"...remember that your flight attendants are one of the most important safety features of this aircraft so please take the safety card out of your seat back pocket and follow along..." For Macon Leary (William Hurt) the trips are always the same. His job is writing travel guides for business travelers who wish to get in and out of the most exotic places without ever feeling like they've left home. He knows his business, he's spent his whole life trying to glide by untouched by the rigors of reality. We meet Macon in the midst of a tumultuous year where he must deal with the murder of his son, separation from his wife (Kathleen Turner), and a romantic collision with a bizarre dog handler named Muriel, Muriel Pritchett (Geena Davis).

The Big Chiller himself, Lawrence Kasdan, has done the near impossible here, putting his unmistakable mark on a film while honestly preserving the complex emotional aerobics of Anne Tyler's bestseller. As screenwriter, producer and director he is in total control and the Kasdanian ability to reach out and involve an audience in a quiet and personal way is in top form.

Hurt, Davis, and Turner are all outstanding as well as the minor characters which make up Macon's family, an odd set of siblings who alphabetize their groceries. This group is so hilariously peculiar that it reminded me of when one of Eddie's teachers or Marilyn's boyfriends would come over to the Munster's house and get freaked out by Grandpa. Kasdan even gets an award-winning performance from "Bud," who plays Edward the dog.

It's all here: delightful idiosyncracies, romance, score by John Williams, planeloads of honest laughs, Baltimore, detail, detail, and a look at how other people help make who you are. Please make sure that your seats and tray tables are in their full upright position.

—Scott Siebers

Beaches ★★★

Here's a film that's surprisingly better than its advertisements suggest. Bette Midler stars as C.C. Bloom, a superstar singer on the highest peak so far of her career. One afternoon, in the middle of a concert rehearsal in Los Angeles, she drops everything to visit a friend in San Francisco. On the way she has a dozen flashbacks of a life-long friendship that happens to be the most important thing she ever had.

At about age 11 C.C. meets Hillary Whitney, another youngster lost on the beach in Atlantic City. At the time C.C. is a child star in "Pinki's Kids Review" and making only a little bit of a name for herself. Meanwhile, Hillary is in town staying at a posh hotel waiting for her father to finish up whatever business he has there. C.C. shows Hillary the way back to the hotel and they become pen pals for the next few years.

Eventually the two come face to face again with Barbara Hershey as the grown-up Hillary. Hershey's been to law school while Midler's still anxiously waiting for her big break in the New York theater circuit. Hershey's polite, pretty and smart. Midler's an overbearing, overweight ham (no pun intended) and as roommates they complement each other perfectly. Their friendship is set for life.

From here we're treated to some of the best and worst moments in a thirty-year friendship that can withstand anything. This isn't the screwball film the commercials seem to be advertising. It's actually quite a serious drama, and a good one at that. At times it tries a bit too hard to be a tearjerker, but that never gets in the way of a great story about just how much a person is willing to give a friend.

Director Garry Marshall has come a long way since last year's fun, if forgettable, *Overboard*. Midler is finally given a character with dimension, although it's easy to believe she's merely playing herself here. Hershey, with her puffy lips and new hairstyle, looks hauntingly unlike herself (is this a female DeNiro?) And hats off to the absolutely perfect casting of the actress who plays Midler as a child. You'll swear they threw Bette in the dryer and shrunk her down for the part.

Three stars because there are parts of the film that drag on too long, but overall there's fine acting, postcard cinematography, a great parody of avant-garde theater and a wonderful indictment of all the 1970's fashion crimes we committed in this country.

—Greg W. Anderson

PERSONALS

WANTED: A handsome young gentleman. Must enjoy candlelit dinners, long talks by the fire, dressing up for the symphony, carriage rides downtown, walks in the park, dancing, laughing, making cookies, Disney movies, catching snowflakes on your tongue, teddybears and red roses.

SEND RESUMES TO: Michele and Julie, F-3218 Helaman Halls

Bret Bean: Who loves ya babe?

RODNEY ELBERT, THE FRESHMAN WHO WROTE THE LETTER ASKING ABOUT THE SPRINKLER SYSTEMS, WHETHER JELLO IS A SIDE DISH OR A DESERT, AND SO ON—WE LOST YOUR PHONE NUMBER! STUDENT REVIEW WANTS YOU TO WRITE MORE. PLEASE CALL THE PAPER AT 377-2980 AND LEAVE A MESSAGE. WE WILL GET BACK TO YOU.

Happy Birthday Kristina!! (But don't forget—this birthday is only taking you further away from that glorious era we call the "seventies.")

To Mike—My English classes are lonely without you. When are we going to do lunch? LK

Pardon the answering, H. Olly, but all the graduate level XY's are not married. There are many of us out there. We just don't know how to find young ladies like you.

D and M:
Thank you for your sponsorship.
L and C

Anyone who recognizes the name "Sharon Sturdivant" or "Dr. Richard Brown" leave a message on the Review's answering machine—377-9120.

S.E.C.
The biking shorts have got to go.
T.G.E.S.D.

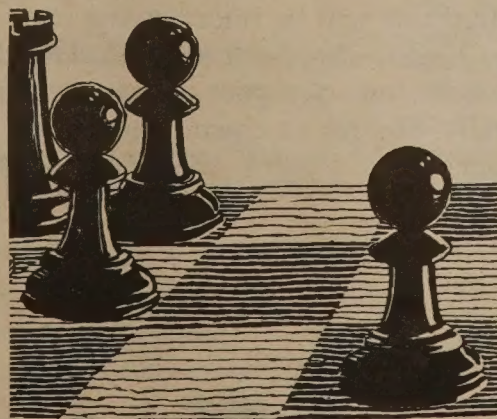
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Top 20

1. Black Awareness Week
2. Soviet pullout of Eastern Europe
3. Studying without purse or scrip
4. Sonny Bono as mayor of Palm Springs
5. US Film Festival at Park City
6. Eugene England's sidefire
7. Foodstock II
8. Kif and Stirling's engagement
9. Cowboy Poetry Contest, Elko, Nevada
10. Dinner theater at Backstage
11. La Dolce Vita rendezvous
12. The Club in Park City
13. Narcolepsy in religion
14. *Heavy Petting* (the film)
15. Salvator Dali (1904-1989)
16. Dave Letterman & broccoli omelettes
17. Eric's cookies
18. Woody Guthrie and his prototypes
19. Things that cost a dollar
20. Palatino

Bottom 11

Small dogs, angry skinny women in music videos, freshman motherhood, mono and other social diseases, car problems, clubby sweatshirts, baby carriages on campus, engaged old flames, package "A" pasta bar price increase to \$3.03

Yoko Ono is now a permanent addition to the bottom ten. However, not wishing to deny anything worthy of the Bottom 10 a spot, we have expanded the Bottom 10 to the Bottom 11.

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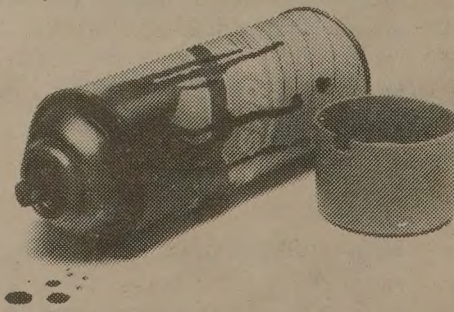
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Applications

As an Engineer in our Applications test groups, you will design, execute, and document test suites for our applications software. You will generate test scripts, testing products for robustness, noting limitations, and conducting real-world environment testing. If you have a 4-year degree in Computer Science or a related field, solid problem-solving skills, the ability to learn a new product quickly, and a knack for breaking software, Applications is the place for you. Previous experience with software testing a definite plus.

Microsoft will be interviewing on campus **Wednesday, February 22, 1989** for Software Testers. See your placement office for details. We are an equal opportunity employer.



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the CALENDAR



Wednesday, January 25

Lecture:
Honors Module: Harrison Powley on "The *Eroica* Sym-phony: Beethoven as Revolutionary," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
Theatre:
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
Film:
International Cinema:
Lecture 3:15 p.m.
"Arsenal," 3:45 p.m.
"Enthusiasm," 5:35 p.m.
"St. Petersburg," 6:50 p.m.
Music:
Utah Symphony accompanies seven Youth Artists Contest Winners, 6:45-10:00 p.m., Provo Tabernacle, 50 So. University, Tickets: \$4.00, \$3.00 w/I.D.
Vocal Awards Recital, 5:00 & 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Thursday, January 26

Lecture:
Honors Module: Scott Abbott on "Politics and Non-Politics, Romanticism and Anti-Romanticism in Mann's *Magic Mountain*," 6:00 p.m., 241 MSRB
Debate:
"The Great Grammar Debate," featuring Dr. Royal Skousen (The Language Libertine) and Dr. Don Norton (The Gram-mar Guru) 11:00 a.m., 2104 JKHB
Sac Yak returns! 12:00 in the Cougarreat, "Academic Recognition and Scholarship Publication"
Theatre:
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447 (my old FHE bro. is starring!)
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$5.00, 484-9257
Film:
International Cinema:
"Enthusiasm," 3:15 p.m.
"Slave of Love," 4:30 p.m.
"Arsenal," 6:20 p.m.
"Slave of Love," 8:10 p.m.
Music:
"The Marriage of Figaro," Utah Opera, 8:00 p.m., Capitol Theatre, 50 West 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494
Utah Symphony accompanies seven Youth Artists Contest Winners, 6:45-10:00 p.m., Provo Tabernacle, 50 So. University, Tickets: \$4.00, \$3.00 w/I.D.
Dance:
Ballet in Concert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Friday, January 27

Lecture:
Planetarium Lecture, 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m., \$1.00
Open Observatory Night, 491 ESC, from dark until 10:30 p.m. Free!
Theatre:
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444

Asian Awareness Week
Wednesday, Jan. 25:
Movie "Between Two Chinas," 7:0 p.m., 321 ELWC
Thursday, Jan. 26:
Booths, 10:00-4:00, Garden Court ELWC
Movie "Tora-San," (most recent!) 7:00 & 9:00 p.m., 321 ELWC
Friday, Jan. 27:
Asian Talent Extravaganza, 7:30 p.m., 2254 Harmon Bldg.

"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.00, 484-9257
"Green Bough In My Heart," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m. 780 N. 200 E. Lindon, Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D. 785-2217
Film:
International Cinema:
"Slave of Love," 3:15 & 7:15 p.m.
"St. Petersburg," 5:05 p.m.
"October," 9:05 p.m.
Film Society:
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"On the Town," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
\$1.00 w/ I.D.
Music:
Temple Square Concert Series: Mary Benson Richards on flute, and Marilyn Olsen on piano, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m. Free!
Dance:
Ballet in Concert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Saturday, January 28

Theatre:
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.00, 484-9257
"Green Bough In My Heart," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m. 780 N. 200 E. Lindon, Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D. 785-2217
Film:
International Cinema:
"Arsenal," 3:00 p.m.
"Slave of Love," 4:50 & 7:55 p.m.
"Enthusiasm," 6:40 p.m.
Film Society:
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"On the Town," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
\$1.00 w/ I.D.
Music:
"The King's Singers", Utah Symphony, 8:00 p.m., 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: \$8.00 - \$15.00, Student \$4.00, 533-6407
Performing Arts Series, Lucy Shelton, Soprano, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
Temple Square Concert Series: "Evening in Vienna" with Utah Symphony Orchestra, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m. Free! (this is a bargain if I ever saw one!)
Dance:
Ballet in Concert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Sunday, January 29

Music:
"The Marriage of Figaro," Utah Opera, 2:00 p.m., Capitol Theatre, 50 West 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494
Birthday:
Happy Birthday Jason Firth, our favorite hunk of an honor student!!!
Art:
Annual Faculty Art Show, B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC, Mon. & Fri. 9:00 a.m. -5:00 p.m., Tues. Wed. & Thurs. 9:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
James McGarrell, The Art Gallery, HFAC, same hours, Info: 378-2881

1989 United States Film Festival
The Sundance Institute presents America's leading show-case for new independent films
Films daily through January 29
Box Offices:
Cosmic Aeroplane, SLC, 533-9409
Park City Festival Box Office, 322-1700

Monday, January 30

Theatre:
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00, 484-9257
"Green Bough In My Heart," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m. 780 N. 200 E. Lindon, Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D. 785-2217

Tuesday, January 31

Lecture:
Honors Module: Byron W. Gassman on Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, 6:00 p.m. 241 MSRB
Forum: John M. Thomas, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Marriott Center, 11:00 a.m.
Theatre:
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447
"Holding Patterns," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444
Music:
Faculty Piano Recital, Douglas Humpherys, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!

Wednesday, February 1

Lecture:
Honors Module: Harrison Powley on "The *Eroica* Sym-phony: Beethoven as Revolutionary," 6:00 p.m., 211 MSRB
Music:
Evening of Concertos, BYU Philharmonic, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$2.00 w/ I.D. 378-7444

Thursday, February 2

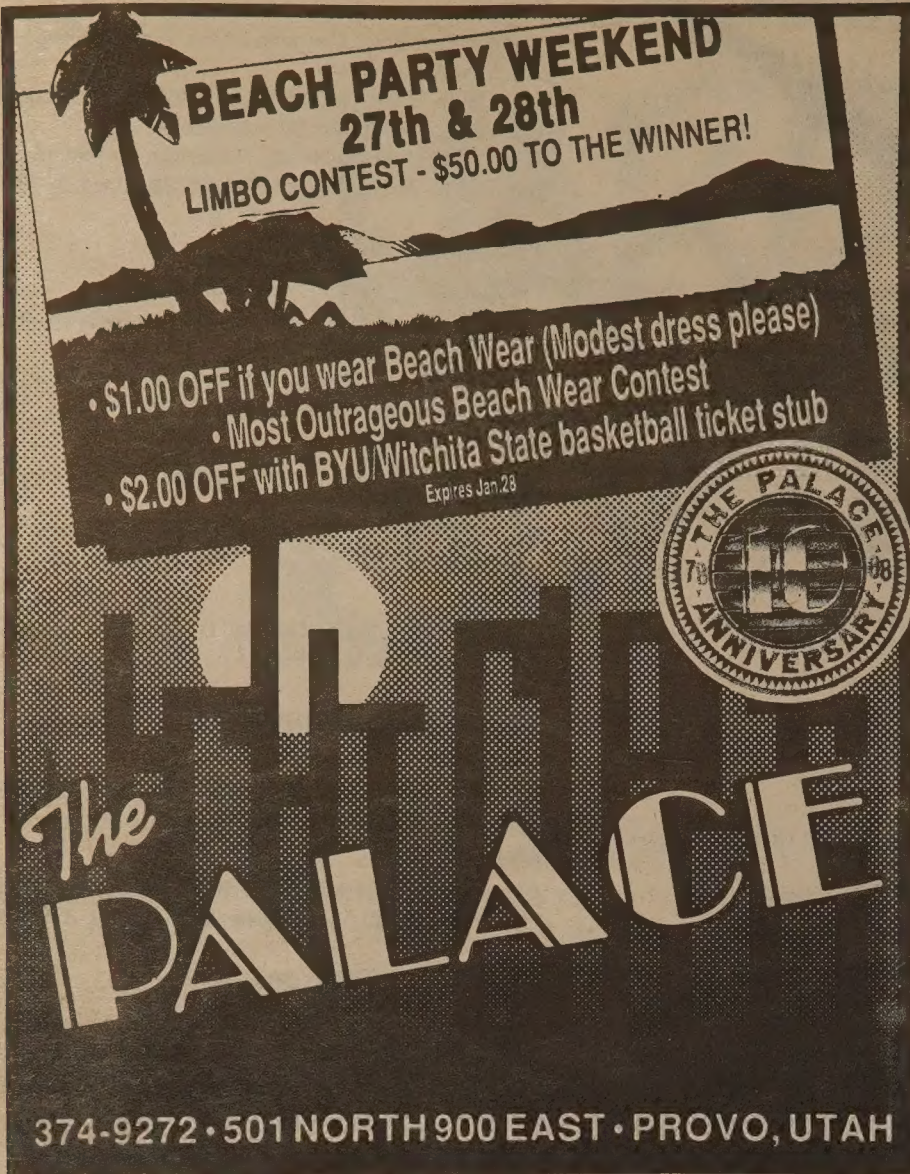
Lecture:
Honors Module: Scott Abbott on "Politics and Non-Politics, Romanticism and Anti-Romanticism in Mann's *Magic Mountain*," 6:00 p.m., 241 MSRB
Debate:
Sac Yak, 12:00 p.m. in the Cougarreat, "Miss BYU: The Pageant"
Theatre:
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$5.00, 484-9257
Music:
Piano Recital, JoAnne Rust, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free.

Friday, February 3

Lecture:
Planetarium Lecture, 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m., \$1.00
Open Observatory Night, 491 ESC, from dark until 10:30 p.m. Free!
Theatre:
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.00, 484-9257
"See How They Run," City Rep, 148 South Main Street, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00 - \$10.00, 532-6000
"Green Bough In My Heart," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m. 780 N. 200 E. Lindon, Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D. 785-2217
Film:
Film Society:
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
\$1.00 w/ I.D.
Music:
Utah Symphony, Mennin, Mozart, Faure, & Martinu, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$9.00 - \$27.00, Student \$4.00 533-6407
Winter Choirfest, Provo Tabernacle, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$2.00 w/ I.D.
Temple Square Concert Series: Metropolitan Opera Audiitions, Utah Div. finals, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, Free!

Varsity Theatres:
Varsity:
Jan. 20-26: "Tucker," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Jan. 27-Feb. 2: "Fiddler on the Roof," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Feb. 3-9: "Who Framed roger Rabbit," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II:
Jan. 27-30: "Blues Brothers," 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.
Feb. 3-6: "The Wizard of OZ," 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.
Late Night Flicks:
Jan. 27: "The Last Starfighter," 11:30 p.m.
Feb. 3: "Better Off Dead," 11:30 p.m.

ISSUES AND AWARENESS



BEACH PARTY WEEKEND
27th & 28th
LIMBO CONTEST - \$50.00 TO THE WINNER!

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Southern from front page

a black minister, their decision to abandon their Baptist religion was even tougher. They remember their father saying, "Don't you know that religion is a cult?" He was disappointed with their decision, but Rose and Ollie say that they are still close to him.

Even as members of the restored gospel where all are striving to manifest the love of Christ, Rose and Ollie still feel some of the segregating lines which have long separated blacks and whites. According to Rose, going to Church with whites and expecting a dinner invitation from them are still two separate things.

But Rose and Ollie have remained faithful in the gospel. Ollie has served a mission; Rose is a Sunday School teacher. Both often work in the Atlanta Temple. The strength of their testimonies allows them to overlook the slights they sometimes receive because their skin is black.

Rose and Ollie discussed how they felt about most leaders in the Church being white. Rose responded, "They are men of God. But I'm looking forward to the day when we have a black General Authority." Rose believes that some "sparks will fly" when the Church calls a black General Authority. Some whites have already left the Church because blacks have joined, and some will continue to leave because they cannot accept having to share the gospel with all nations and kindreds—including blacks.

Not only would Rose and Ollie like a black General Authority, but they are also in favor of

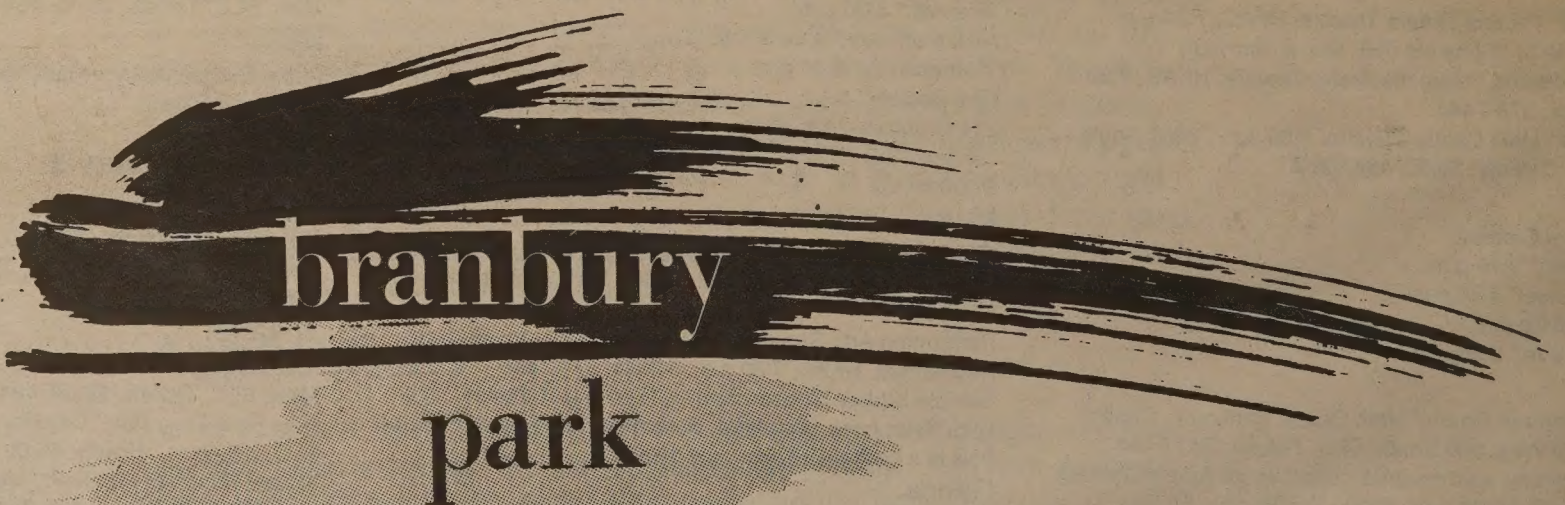
more black culture being incorporated into Mormon services, like "some jazzier music." Ollie says that most blacks are accustomed to upbeat music, hand clapping, and "amens" after someone says something they agree with. They also feel that white members of the Church need to learn more about black culture, so that they are better prepared to take the gospel to their black brothers and sisters.

Rose sums up her feelings saying that in order to get more blacks into the Church, white members must simply "learn to love 'em."

Reflections from front page

wouldn't eat there anymore because there were too many blacks; and professors and amateur theologians who hypothesized about what spiritual shortcoming prevented blacks from getting the priesthood all those years, never once asking themselves what the universal atonement's shortcoming was that prevented it from applying to all men.

Still, I think the future is bright and the dream is close. Whites and blacks can live together in peace and happiness and love. Our marriage is proof enough. Racism's sole purpose is preventing that kind of peace and love. But as we stop teaching our children to hate, they will learn there is nothing more natural and more beautiful than love.



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